THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

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GENERAL REVIEW *of* EUROPEAN POLITICS,

For JANUARY 1792.

S W E D E N.

IN caſting our eyes over the political hemiſphere of the north, we find little new, at preſent, to engage our attention. The *King of Sweden*, whoſe finances are certainly much deranged by his warlike preparations againſt Ruſſia, has found it neceſſary to convoke a diet. While regal power is held in ſo little eſtimation in ſome nations of Europe, this may be a dangerous expedient. By convoking the States General Louis XVI. paved the way for the French revolution. Guſtavus III. is a prince of acknowledged bravery, and he poſſeſſes conſiderable abilities in the cabinet; but his ſubjects do not appear to be perfectly ſatisfied with certain parts of his conduct. It is well known that, in ſome of his expeditions againſt the Ruſſians, his ſoldiers and officers openly refuſed to follow him. For ſome time paſt he has ſhewn a great inclination to take an active part in the ſupport of the French emigrants; and, ſhould he do ſo, it is more than probable that he may provoke diſturbances, which, perhaps, he may not be able to quell with the ſame eaſe as he effected the memorable revolution in the year 1772.

P O L A N D.

The change in the conſtitution of *Poland* is not entirely brought to a concluſion, as the Elector of Saxony, to whom the

the crown is offered, has not yet formally declared his determination of accepting it. In the mean time, the Diet has been engaged in very warm disputes concerning the disposal of the Starosties, a kind of tenures or fiefs of the crown, the produce of which is bestowed on certain individuals, either from favour or remuneration. Many families of the Equestrian Order find the revenues arising from these gifts a very convenient addition to their fortunes; and frequently exert their interest to obtain them. Till a few years ago the right of nominating to them was vested in the King; but he was deprived of this patronage in 1775 by the decision of a Diet under the influence of the Court of Petersburgh, which wished to abridge the prerogatives of the crown. Even then it was debated whether or not the destination of the Starosties should be reformed, and their revenues applied to the service of the public; but a spirit of opposition, supported by the power of the possessors, made their titles be respected; and it was decreed, that, during their lives, no innovation should take place. The holders of these tenures were obliged formerly to pay a fourth part of their revenue to the crown; but, by one of those abuses common in the civil, political, and economical order of the republic, they paid, for a certain time, scarcely the twentieth part. The Diet of 1775, however, restored matters to their original footing, and subjected the possessors of the Starosties to the payment of a full fourth. In consequence of the late revolution, some of the most strenuous advocates for innovation insisted that these Starosties should be appropriated entirely to the use of the republic. One party contended that their whole produce should be carried to the treasury; and another, that they should be put up to sale, and the money employed for the benefit of the nation. In the Committee of the Constitution and Domains, to which this matter was referred, the latter proposition was adopted; but when reported in the Diet it met with violent opposition. Among others who spoke against it was the King's brother, who endeavoured to point out the injustice and danger of such a measure, which, he affirmed, would arm a thousand citizens against the Diet and the constitution. Count Potocki, Marshal of Lithuania, supported the arguments of the Prince, and cautioned the Diet not to imitate the conduct of the French National Assembly, who, by confiscating the property of the clergy, and depriving the nobility of their rights, had, he thought, been guilty of an act of violence which could not be justified even by the specious plea of state necessity. "Beware," he added, "imitating, in this point, a people so unworthy

worthy

worthy of our attention in other respects. The faults which they have committed proceed only from one error. They have always considered mankind in a general point of view, and lost sight of individuals. They wished to be just towards all, and have been unjust towards particular bodies. They have taken the members of civil society for ideal beings, or geometrical figures, upon which they could form systematic reasonings by abstraction, without taking men as they really are. When legislators, diving into theory, decide on the totality of mankind, and soar with a cool indifference above the lot of individuals, they may indeed establish some abstract truths; but, in their application, these truths must infallibly produce multiplied acts of injustice, which may fix an indelible stigma on the soundest and most incontrovertible maxims. The mind will always approve and adopt these grand general truths; but a heart truly generous, and warmed with the love of virtue, will not, in many cases, suffer them to be applied."

Poland, it would appear, is at present nearly in a similar situation with France. The people, upon the whole, are pleased with the revolution, because it restores to them their rights; but the nobility are chagrined, because it deprives them of part of their authority. This deliberation respecting the sale of the Starosties, which, it is said, has been finally carried in the Diet, threatens still farther to strengthen the party of the malecontents. At the head of these are the Bishop of Wilna, a man of a turbulent disposition; Count Potocki, General of Artillery, formidable as well by his eminent qualities and the patriotism he has displayed on many occasions, as by his birth and fortune; Count Rzeushi, Petty General of the Crown; and the Grand General Count Branichi, nephew by his wife to Prince Potemkin, and one of the heirs to the rich succession of that fortunate warrior. Some of these chiefs were lately assembled at Jassy, and strong suspicions have been entertained that they were then concerting measures with the Russian Plenipotentiaries to overturn the new constitution. This idea, together with the incertitude of the intentions of Russia, has perhaps hitherto prevented the *Elector of Saxony* from giving a definitive answer respecting the acceptance of the crown. He desires, first, to have a clear and precise explanation of the interior state of the republic, of its foreign connections, and particularly of those with Russia. He wishes, above all, to know what are the present sentiments of the Court of Petersburgh, regarding those principles which it guaranteed, with other powers, by the treaty of 1775; and, for elucidating this point,

he advises this republic to make a formal notification to that Court of the new Constitution, and of the change that has taken place in regard to hereditary succession, in the same manner as was made to the Courts of Vienna and Berlin. After a warm debate, in which some of the Members considered the guarantee of the constitution of a free people as an attack on their independence, the Elector's advice was adopted. The Diet, therefore, have resolved to notify this event to the Court of Petersburgh; and till the effect of this measure is known, the negociation with the Court of Dresden will, in all probability, remain suspended.

F R A N C E.

By the firmness of the French National Assembly the plans of the *counter-revolutionists* are now brought to a very critical point. On whatever foundation the French Princes might have built their hopes, which induced them to reject the offers made to them, it does not appear that the Emperor, or the other members of the Germanic empire, who were said to be so strongly interested in their favour, are much disposed to come to an open rupture with a brave people, who, having just tasted the sweets of liberty, unanimously determined to be free or to perish. If the King be sincere, which his conduct since his acceptance of the constitution gives us little reason to doubt, his wishes are in perfect union with those of his subjects. The efforts of the latter must, therefore, be attended with more success, and the accomplishment of their views be sooner brought to a conclusion.

Though *Leopold II.* has acted rather in an equivocal manner, the conduct of the *Elector of Treves*, in ordering the emigrants to quit his dominions, shews what sentiments the German Princes entertain on the possibility of effecting a counter-revolution in France. The loyalists at present seem to be almost entirely dispersed. Without concert, and without resources, they must soon attempt something, or for ever abandon all thoughts of returning to enjoy peace and tranquillity in the bosom of their country, except on the most humiliating terms. In the mean time, the *French National Assembly* are taking the most vigorous steps to acquire an explicit answer from the Emperor. Some of the Members consider his Imperial Majesty's behaviour as an act of hostility; and loudly insist that war should be declared against him. Should a rupture take place, they flatter themselves that the Brabanters, the people of Liege,

Liege, and the Dutch republic, would unite in the cause of liberty, and become their firm allies. With regard to the two former, there is hardly a doubt that, should the Emperor employ his troops against the liberties of France, they would gladly embrace that opportunity of throwing off the yoke under which they have been kept merely by force of arms. The seeds of discontent are far from being suppressed in the Netherlands. The people there are still ripe for revolt. That spirit of freedom which now pervades France, is ready to diffuse itself into other states. Sensible of this, the Emperor, though both his inclination and private interest might have induced him to a contrary line of conduct, has hitherto acted with great caution and reserve. What the consequences may be, a short time will declare. In any event the situation of France, at this juncture, is alarming. With little money, and less credit, the nation is ill calculated to support the expences of a war. To add to the misfortunes of the country, the most valuable West-India colonies are in the utmost confusion. Great disturbances have lately prevailed, and are still likely to continue, in Martinico, Guadaloupe, and St. Lucia.

The insurrection too in *St. Domingo* is not yet, as far as we have been able to learn, entirely quelled. In the month of November last, we are informed that the people of colour, in the eastern quarter, had revolted from the whites, and turned their arms against those whom they before had supported. Matters, however, having been brought into a train of accommodation, a deliberation had taken place for peace; when an unfortunate quarrel, originating betwixt two common men, interfered to prevent it. The town continued burning for four days; and during that period' the greater, and by far the richer part of it, was reduced to a heap of ashes. The dispatches mention that the people of colour were still in arms; and, according to every appearance, this once flourishing colony is almost lost to the mother country; or, if it should ever be recovered, it will require many years, and much industry, before the injuries it has sustained can be repaired.

E N G L A N D.

While the other nations of Europe look with anxious suspence towards the affairs of France, *Great-Britain*, happily secured by her situation from the effects of continental commotion, beholds with safety the threatening storm. While oppressed with debt, it is not consistent with the interest of this

country

country to interfere in the quarrels of her neighbours. Peace, induſtry, and economy in the expenditure of the public money, can alone retrieve its finances. If *Mr. Pitt* acts in conformity with that prudence which, in moſt inſtances, hath hitherto directed his meaſures, he will reject all ſolicitations to enter into any confederacy for overturning, or even altering, the new conſtitution of France. The object principally neceſſary is, a reduction of the national debt, which, however enormous, may certainly be leſſened. On his plans for this purpoſe, the Miniſter founds his ſtrongeſt claim to popularity. What is already accompliſhed, proves that more may be done. If he meets the expectations of the people, he will ſecure no inconſiderable ſhare of favour. But all armaments, thoſe alone excepted which are neceſſary for defence and national honour, ought to be poſtponed or avoided.

The Hiſtory of the Life of Baron Trenck. In which is introduced a particular Account of the extraordinary Sufferings which he underwent by Command of the late King of Pruſſia.

[Extracted from his own Narrative.]

(Continued from Page 141.)

I Read much during my confinement at Glatz, where books were allowed me; time was therefore leſs tedious: But when the love of liberty awoke, when fame and affection called me to Berlin, and my balked hopes painted the wretchedneſs of my ſituation; when I remembered that my loved country, judging by appearances, could not but pronounce me a traitor; then was I hourly impelled to ruſh on the naked bayonets of my guards, by whom, to me, the road of freedom was barred.

Big with ſuch-like thoughts, eight days had not elapſed, ſince my laſt fruitleſs attempt to eſcape, when an event happened which would appear incredible, were I, the principal actor in the ſcene, not alive to atteſt its truth, and might not all Glatz and the Pruſſian garriſon, be produced as eye and ear witneſſes. This incident will prove that adventurous, and even raſh daring, will render the moſt improbable undertakings poſſible, and that deſperate attempts may often make a General more fortunate, and famous, than the wiſeſt and beſt-concerted plans.

Major

Major Doo came to visit me, accompanied by an officer of the guard, and an adjutant.

The same Doo who was Governor of Glatz during the seven years war, and who, having been surprised by General Laudohn, was made prisoner, which occasioned the loss of Glatz. The King broke him with infamy, and banished him with contempt. In 1764 he came to Vienna, where I gave him alms. He was, by birth, an Italian, a selfish, wicked man; and, while Major under the government of Fouquet, at Glatz, brought many people to misery. He was the creature of Fouquet, without birth or merit, crafty, malignant, but handsome; and, having debauched his patron's daughter, afterward married her; whence at first his good, and at length his ill, fortune. He wanted knowledge to defend a fortress against the enemy, and his covetousness rendered him easy to corrupt.

After examining every corner of my chamber, he addressed me, taxing me with a second crime in endeavouring to obtain my liberty; adding, this must certainly increase the anger of the King.

My blood boiled at the word crime: He talked of patience; I asked how long the King had condemned me to imprisonment: He answered a traitor to his country, who has corresponded with the enemy, cannot be condened for a certain time; but must depend, for grace and pardon, on the King.

At that instant I snatched his sword from his side, on which my eyes had some time been fixed, sprang out of the door, tumbled the centinel from the top to the bottom of the stairs, passed the men who happened to be drawn up before the prison door to relieve guard, attacked them sword in hand, threw them suddenly into surprise by the manner in which I laid about me, wounded four of them, made way through the rest, sprang over the breast-work of the ramparts, and, with my sword drawn in my hand, immediately leaped this astonishing height, without receiving the least injury. I leaped the second wall with equal safety and good fortune. None of their pieces were loaded: No one durst leap after me, and, in order to pursue, they must go round through the town and the gate of the citadel; so that I had the start full half an hour.

A centinel however in a narrow passage endeavoured to oppose my flight, but I parried his fixed bayonet, and wounded him in the face. A second centinel, meantime, ran from the outworks, to seize me behind, and I, to avoid him, made a spring at the palisadoes; there I was unluckily caught by the foot, and received a bayonet wound in my upper lip: Thus entangled,

entangled, they beat me with the butt-end of their muſkets, and dragged me back to priſon, while I ſtruggled and defended myſelf like a man grown deſperate.

Certain it is, had I more carefully jumped the paliſadoes, and diſpatched the centinel who oppoſed me, I might have eſcaped, and gained the mountains. Thus might I have fled to Bohemia, after having, at noon day, broken from the fortreſs of Glatz, ſprung paſt all its centinels, over all its walls, and paſſed with impunity, in deſpite of the guard, who were under arms, ready to oppoſe me. I ſhould not, having a ſword, have feared any ſingle opponent, and was able to contend with the ſwifteſt runners.

That good fortune which had ſo far attended me forſook me at the paliſadoes, where hope was at an end. The ſeverities of impriſonment were increaſed; two centinels and an under officer were locked in with me, and were themſelves guarded by centinels without: I was beaten and wounded by the butt-ends of their muſkets, my right foot was ſprained, I ſpit blood, and my wounds were not cured in leſs than a month.

I was now firſt informed the King had only condemned me to a year's impriſonment, in order to learn whether his ſuſpicions were well founded. My mother had petitioned for me, and was anſwered, your ſon muſt remain a year impriſoned, as a puniſhment for his raſh correſpondence.

Of this I was ignorant, and it was reported in Glatz, that my impriſonment was for life. I had only three weeks longer to repine for the loſs of liberty, when I made this raſh attempt. What muſt the King think? Was he not obliged to act with this ſeverity? How could prudence excuſe my impatience, thus to riſk a confiſcation, when I was certain of receiving freedom, juſtification, and honour, in three weeks? But, ſuch was my adverſe fate, circumſtances all tended to injure and perſecute me, till at length I gave reaſon to ſuppoſe I was a traitor, notwithſtanding the purity of my intentions.

Once more, then, was I in a dungeon, and no ſooner was I there than I formed new projects of flight. I firſt gained the intimacy of my guards. I had money, and this, with the compaſſion I had inſpired, might effect any thing among diſcontented Pruſſian ſoldiers. Soon had I gained thirty-two men who were ready to execute, on the firſt ſignal, whatever I ſhould command. Two or three excepted, they were unacquainted with each other; they conſequently could not all be betrayed at a time; and I had choſen the ſub-officer, Nicholai, to head them.

The

The garrison consisted only of one hundred and twenty men from the garrison regiment, the rest being dispersed in the country of Glatz, and four officers their Commanders, three of whom were in my interest. Every thing was prepared; swords and pistols were concealed in an oven, which was in my prison. We intended to give liberty to all the prisoners, and retire with drums beating into Bohemia.

Unfortunately, an Austrian deserter, to whom Nicholai had imparted our design, went and discovered our conspiracy. The Governor instantly sent his Adjutant to the citadel, with orders that the officer on guard should arrest Nicholai, and, with his men, take possession of the casemate.

Nicholai was one of the guard, and the Lieutenant was my friend, and, being in the secret, gave the signal that all was discovered. Nicholai only knew all the conspirators, several of whom were that day on guard. He instantly formed his resolution, leaped into the casemates, crying, "Comrades, to arms, we are betrayed!" All followed to the guard-house, where they seized on the cartridges, the officer having only eight men, and, threatening to fire on whoever should offer resistance, came to deliver me from prison; but the iron door was too strong, and the time too short, for that to be demolished. Nicholai, calling to me, bid me aid them, but in vain; and, perceiving nothing more could be done for me, this brave man, heading nineteen others, marched to the gate of the citadel, where there was a sub-officer and ten soldiers, obliged these to accompany him, and thus arrived safely at Braunau, in Bohemia; for, before the news was spread through the city, and men were collected for the pursuit, they were nearly half way on their journey.

Two years after, I met with this extraordinary man at Ofenbourg, where he was a writer: He entered immediately into my service, and became my friend, but died some months after of a burning fever, at my quarters in Hungary, at which I was deeply grieved, for his memory will ever be dear to me.

Now was I exposed to all the storms of ill fortune: A prosecution was entered against me as a conspirator, who wanted to corrupt the officers and soldiers of the King. They commanded me to name the remaining conspirators; but to these questions I made no answer except by stedfastly declaring I was an innocent prisoner, an officer unjustly broken; unjustly, because I had never been brought to trial; that consequently I was released from all my engagements; nor could it be thought extraordinary that I should avail myself of that law of nature

which gives every man a right to defend his honour defamed, and ſeek by every poſſible means to regain his liberty: That ſuch had been my ſole purpoſe in every enterpriſe I had formed, and ſuch ſhould ſtill continue to be, for I was determined to perſiſt, till I ſhould either be crowned with ſucceſs, or loſe my life in the attempt.

Things thus remained; every precaution was taken, except that I was not put in irons; it being a law in Pruſſia that no gentleman, or officer, can be loaded with chains, unleſs he has firſt for ſome crime been delivered over to the executioner, and certainly this had not been my caſe.

The ſoldiers were withdrawn from my chamber; but the greateſt ill was I had expended all my money, and my kind miſtreſs, at Berlin, with whom I had always correſponded, and which my perſecutors could not prevent, at laſt wrote—

"My tears flow with your's; the evil is without remedy—I dare no more—eſcape if you can. My fidelity will ever be the ſame, when it ſhall be poſſible for me to ſerve you.—Adieu,—unhappy friend: You merit a better fate."

This letter was a thunderbolt:—My comfort however ſtill was that the officers were not ſuſpected, and that it was their duty to viſit my chamber ſeveral times a day, and examine what paſſed; from which circumſtance I felt my hopes ſomewhat revive. Hence an adventure happened, which is almoſt unexampled in tales of knight-errantry.

A Lieutenant, whoſe name was Bach, a Dane by nation, mounted guard every fourth day, and was the terror of the whole garriſon; for, being a perfect maſter of arms, he was inceſſantly involved in quarrels, and generally left his marks behind him. He had ſerved in two regiments, neither of which would aſſociate with him for this reaſon, and he had been ſent to the garriſon regiment at Glatz as a puniſhment.

Bach, one day, ſitting beſide me, related how, the evening before, he had wounded a Lieutenant, of the name of Schell, in the arm. I replied, laughing, had I my liberty, I believe you would find ſome trouble in wounding me, for I have ſome ſkill in the ſword. The blood inſtantly flew in his face; we ſplit off a kind of pair of foils from an old door, which had ſerved me as a table, and at the firſt lunge I hit him on the breaſt.

His rage became ungovernable, and he left the priſon. What was my aſtoniſhment when, a moment after, I ſaw him return with two ſoldiers' ſwords, which he had concealed under his coat. "Now then, boaſter, prove," ſaid he, giving me one

of

of them, "what thou art able to do." I endeavoured to pacify him, by representing the danger, but ineffectually. He attacked me with the utmost fury, and I wounded him in the arm.

Throwing his sword down, he fell upon my neck, kissed me, and wept. At length, after some convulsive emotions of pleasure, he said, "Friend, thou art my master; and thou must, thou shalt, by my aid, obtain thy liberty, as certainly as my name is Bach." We bound up his arm as well as we could. He left me, and secretly went to a surgeon, to have it properly dressed, and at night returned.

(To be continued.)

NAVAL ANECDOTES.

LAST year a bark belonging to a gentleman of Hastings got ground on a sand called the Heaps; an agreement in writing was entered into with the master of a smack to carry an anchor out;—the terms six guineas,—the anchor, instead of being carried to a proper distance, was dropped short, but the rising tide forcing the ship along the sand, it at length held fast, when, by a judicious application of the helm, the ship shore off into deep water; during which the first cable was cut, and another anchor let go;—the smack agreed at the accustomed salvage, and took the cut cable and anchor to London.—The master of the ship having incautiously trusted that of the smack with the written agreement, its existence was denied, and a fresh demand made of one hundred guineas, which not being complied with, a suit was instituted in the Admiralty Court, where, with increasing expences, it is still pending.

THE following instance happened in the course of November last.

A ship belonging to Whitby, from Memel with timber, by missing stays, with the wind at S. W. got aground on the Black-tail Sand, at the mouth of the Thames. The Master, finding that the endeavours of his ship's company did not immediately succeed, hoisted a signal for assistance: On which three smacks came from the Nore, with whom he made a conditional agreement, proportionate to the service they should render him. They assisted in carrying an anchor out, by means of which the

 ship

ſhip was hove off next tide and purſued her way to London; one of the ſmacks bringing up the anchor and cable left behind,—But how will a ſeaman be ſurprized when he finds for this ſervice a demand made and inſiſted on of three hundred guineas, beſides ſalvage for anchor and cable.

After threatening arreſt, with all its uſual train of circumſtances, thoſe conſcientious relievers of diſtreſs, finding they had forty people of property to contend with (the ſhip belonging to a club) agreed to take one hundred and twenty three pounds, ſalvage and all expences included.

AS a contraſt to this unfeeling conduct, it would be injuſtice to omit mentioning the behaviour of the maſter of a ſhip, who, about the time the laſt mentioned accident happened, fell in, near the ſouth-end of the Dogger, with a ſmack who had loſt her maſt, and was otherwiſe in great diſtreſs. He took her in tow, and conducted her ſafely into Scarborough Piers; on being aſked what he demanded for this ſervice, he refuſed all pecuniary reward, and generouſly replied; "That he was ſufficiently repaid, by the power of aſſiſting a fellow creature in diſtreſs."

On the SLAVE TRADE.

"Whatſoever ye would that men ſhould do to you, do ye even ſo to them."

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

I Have read the dreadful detail which you have given of the labours and ſufferings which the African ſlaves undergo in the Weſt-Indies, and it is ſuch as muſt cauſe the heart of humanity to bleed at every pore. It appears, from a conſiſtent body of moſt diſintereſted evidence, that theſe our fellow-creatures (whoſe, Sir, is the fault if they are not our fellow Chriſtians?) are conſidered as cattle, merely with a view to the profit that can be wrung from their labour—that they are the helpleſs victims of the moſt unheard of barbarity (the evidence of a Negro againſt his maſter being, in all caſes, inadmiſſible)—that their lives are, too commonly, one continued ſcene of diverſified diſtreſs—and their maſters unpuniſhed.

Theſe are facts which no chicanery can evade, no mercenary pen can varniſh. If then we would not "be partakers

of

of other men's ſins,"—if we wiſh to reſcue humanity from the vileſt diſgrace—not to be accomplices in this horrid unengliſh act—and to approve ourſelves Chriſtians in deed and in truth; it will become us, Mr. Printer, to unite, as one man, in petitioning Parliament to take the moſt ſpeedy and deciſive meaſures for the annihilation of that dreadful pre-eminence in wickedneſs, the ſlave trade.

I am, Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

—— ——.

An Extract from Mr. Monro's Olla Prodrida, No. 31, on the Subject of Sunday Schools.

AN attempt has lately been made to reſcue the lower orders of people from their extreme of ignorance, by appropriating one day in the week to the inſtilling of religious knowledge into the minds of the young, and exciting in them a deſire of intellectual improvement. For the proſecution of this plan, ſermons have been preached, and ſubſcriptions opened, and every mode of perſuaſion and encouragement been adopted, that wealth, learning, and benevolence could ſuggeſt. Yet to theſe laudable deſigns there have been found many enemies.—Armed with the fallacies of logic, they have ſufficiently demonſtrated to us, that the ignorance of the multitude is a public good: that to the "hewers of wood, and drawers of water," learning is injurious, or unprofitable; and that the huſbandman and mechanic have other objects on which their attention is more properly engaged than wiſdom and ſcience. All the arguments which were firſt produced to reſtrain the arrogance of the *overwiſe*, are made uſe of to reconcile ignorance to its darkneſs, and to hide the light from thoſe, who having never enjoyed it, are little ſolicitous to acquire what they have been ſo long able to live without. Many of theſe reaſoners have anſwered ſome private end. Some have diſcovered the ſkill with which they can argue in a bad cauſe; and others, under the ſanction of ſuch reaſoning, have indulged their avarice by ſparing their money. *But let him who would prove, that ignorance is either a bleſſing, or a virtue, remember, that he advances the poſition of a wicked man, which he muſt ſupport with the arguments of a fool.*

THE

THE MILL: A TALE.

[From the French of the celebrated M. Marmontel.]

"WHAT can I relate to you," ſaid Juliet, "after ſuch affecting ſcenes?"—"A felicity ſuited to your age," ſaid her mother; "cannot you recollect any?"—"You furniſh me with pleaſurable ſenſations every day, my dear mother. My life conſiſts of nothing elſe, and I am accuſtomed to them; but the pleaſure I am going to ſpeak of I did not expect.

"I was born at Verval, here, in this caſtle. My mother was deſirous of ſuckling me; ſhe conſidered it as a pleaſure."—"And as a duty too," ſaid her mother, in a low tone of voice. —"Her health, however, did not permit her; but ſhe was careful to chooſe the beſt nurſe in the neighbourhood; and this excellent nurſe was alſo an excellent woman. My mother has told me, many a time, that next to the cares of maternal love, it is impoſſible to imagine any more tender than thoſe I received in my infancy from that good woman. By the manner in which ſhe fulfilled the duties of a ſecond mother, it was eaſy to ſee that ſhe felt all their dignity: She acquitted herſelf of them with a noble and gentle modeſty that looked like piety, and that gave an air of religion to the moſt humble offices. When my mother ſometimes ſeemed grieved at not being in her place,—"If your health, Madam," ſaid ſhe, "had permitted you to ſuckle your child, you would not have given her to me; nor would I, but for the good you do in the country, have deprived myſelf of my child, to take charge of your's; but it was incumbent on ſome one among us to diſcharge the debt of ſo many unfortunate people; and as you have choſen me, it was no doubt the will of God that I ſhould be the perſon. Do not envy me my happineſs. Weakly as you are, your tenderneſs would have been cruel to yourſelf and your child, if you had endeavoured to ſuckle her. Do not fear leaſt I ſhould rob nature of her ſhare of the ſentiments of this little creature. As ſoon as ſhe ſhall acquire a little knowledge, you may be ſure that ſhe will diſtinguiſh you from all other women, as well as from myſelf, and that all her ſenſibility will be directed toward you."

"My mother's bounties ſo improved the circumſtances of Suſan (for that was my nurſe's name) that her whole family was happy. As my father always ſpent the ſummer months here, I had every year the pleaſure of ſeeing Suſan run to take me in her arms on my arrival. I went alſo to her village to

ſee

ſee her, and I always experienced heartfelt joy on finding peace, happineſs, and plenty in her ruſtic abode.

"My father's journey to the Spa, to drink the waters, at the time his ſtate of health began to be precarious, prevented our paſſing the ſummer of one year at Verval. The year after we went there as uſual. This journey was a feſtival in which we meant to celebrate my father's convaleſcence. Suſan came to ſee me as uſual, and, though very ſorrowful, ſhe did not ſeem leſs ſenſible to the joy of our happy return; but when I told her, on her taking leave, that I hoped ſoon to come and ſee her, ſhe begged me, in a ſorrowful and affecting manner not to give myſelf the trouble. I was much ſtruck by the novelty of theſe words, and inſiſted on knowing her reaſon; ſhe embraced me with a ſmile in which I diſcovered a mixture of chagrin.—"Miſs," ſaid ſhe, "you are no longer a child, and your kindneſs for me——"—"I am always the ſame," ſaid I, interrupting her, "and you will ever find me the child you ſuckled. I ſhall come and ſee you as ſoon as poſſible."

"There are elevated minds, even in humble ſtations, to which a virtuous pride is natural. My nurſe was unfortunate: A good old man who lived with her, Firmin, the father of her huſband, Baptiſt, was dead, and his laſt ſickneſs had ruined them: inſtead of their neat little houſe, they had nothing but a thatched hut, a goat inſtead of the fine black cow; and inſtead of the meadow, the vineyard, and the garden, a little bare ſpot of ground was all that remained. Eighteen months had altered every thing. Suſan, on ſeeing me arrive, came to meet me, and ſaid to me, with the noble air that was natural to her—"You will be a little hurt at not finding us ſo well off as we uſed to be. But do not regret the uſe we have made of your preſents, and of the bounty of your parents. They have been well employed. Firmin, our good father, was taken as much care of as if his children had been richer, and, thank Heaven, till his laſt moment was in want of nothing."

"When I looked round the hut, which was clean enough, but bare of every thing, I began to weep.—"Why," ſaid I to Suſan, "did you let us remain ignorant of your ſituation? Could you think that we would deſert you in your diſtreſs?"—"I tell you again," ſaid ſhe, "that the ſick man wanted nothing."—"And you, and your children, and their unfortunate father?"—"No, my amiable Juliet, their father is not unfortunate. Your foſter-brother, Marcellin, aſſiſted him. They work together cheerfully in the vineyard of a rich neighbour. My daughter, Louiſa, begins alſo to be of uſe to us. The wool and

and cotton ſhe ſpins with the fine wheel you gave her, doubles its value in her hands, and all put together, at the end of the week, enables us to live. Do not then pity us, and be aſſured, if labour had not ſupplied our wants, Madame de Verval, and you, her worthy daughter, would have been the firſt I ſhould have made acquainted with our diſtreſs."

"At this moment, Louiſa, who was bringing back a baſket of linen on her head from the ſpring, entered the hut, came to me with a contented look, made a thouſand kind compliments, and did not ſeem any more confuſed than uſual.—"Louiſa, go and milk the goat," ſaid her mother, "Miſs Juliet ſhall taſte her milk"—"The words *go and milk the goat* grieved me to the heart, but they afflicted nobody but me. Louiſa haſtened to obey, and the pleaſure of ſeeing me again ſeemed to inſpire her with more than uſual activity."—"You will find our bread excellent," ſaid Suſan, "I make it myſelf."

"I taſted the bread: It was good, no doubt, and ſo was the goat's milk, but I found a bitterneſs in the repaſt. I concealed, however, the ſorrow I felt at the ſtate of diſtreſs in which I left them. "What a ſituation," ſaid I to myſelf, as I was going away, "to wait every day for the bread neceſſary to ſupport life, till it be procured by one's labour! and if any of them ſhould fall ſick!—O, my dear mother, you will not let my nurſe remain in this ſituation."

"My mother, indeed, haſtened to aſſiſt them, but their future welfare ſat heavy on my heart, and purſued me even in my dreams. One of them, however, ſeemed ſo favourable a preſage, that if I had believed in dreams, it would have diminiſhed my concern.

"In Verval park, you know, there is a corner, that runs out irregularly from the bottom of the hill, from which flows the ſtream that waters our garden. This ſtream, which forms a caſcade, and which meanders through the corner of the meadow, ſhaded with poplars, makes this ſolitary ſpot a delicious retreat for a perſon inclined to ſilent meditation. Nothing is heard but the murmur of the water, ſo friendly to the penſive mind. My father was fond of this place; it was his favourite walk, and he had concealed the approach to it by long winding paths. I often went thither, attended by my governeſs, and remembered with ſorrow the hut in which I had left my nurſe. I ſpoke of it to her, and conſulted her; but being of a ſevere diſpoſition, while ſhe praiſed my gratitude, ſhe diſcouraged me from employing the means I had deviſed to ſhew it. "Your parents," ſaid ſhe, "have done more for Suſan than any body

had

had ever done for a woman in her ſituation. To aſk them for more would be importunity. Some day or other, you will be able to confer your own favours upon them." This reaſoning only added to my melancholy, of which I no longer dared to mention the cauſe.

" One evening, however, when dreams were the ſubject of converſation, I could not reſiſt the inclination of relating what I had dreamt the night before; and my father, who loved to hear me exerciſe the talent nature has given to us all, of painting, in ſtrong colours, whatever ſtrikes us forcibly, liſtened to me attentively.

" You know, Sir," ſaid I, " that my favourite walk, as well as your's, is the valley of the caſcade. Laſt night that charming ſpot was preſent to my imagination; but it was altered. There was a mill at the bottom of the caſcade, I ſaw the ſtream all in a foam, as white as milk, bubble up beneath the wheel, which ſeemed to animate it, and inſpire it with the deſire of being uſeful. Your ſtream ſeemed proud of turning a mill. And who do you think was the miller's wife?"—" Suſan," ſaid my mother.—" Yes," ſaid I, " Baptiſt was your miller. Marcellin was planting a vineyard on the ſide of the hill, and his ſiſter Louiſa was cultivating the pretticſt garden in the world; while two fine heifers, and a little flock of ſheep, were grazing in the incloſure round the mill. Ah! Sir, how happy was this little family, and how happy was I myſelf!

" After a moment's reflection, my father ſmiled.—" I am pleaſed," ſaid he, " to find you have had ſuch an agreeable dream, and you have related it charmingly."

" I often recollected it in the valley of the caſcade, but I mentioned it no more, and it ſeemed to be forgotten.

" Toward the end of autumn we returned to town. During the winter, which ſeemed very long, I hoarded up my pocket-money, and longed to ſee my nurſe again. The day after our return to Verval, the 25th of April, was the fineſt ſpring day poſſible. Every one at Vernet enjoyed the beauty of the ſeaſon. I alone was depreſſed in ſpirit. Suſan uſed to meet us at our arrival; this time ſhe did not. " Perhaps," thought I, " the good nurſe, or her huſband, or one of her children, are ill; or, perhaps, ſhe is in diſtreſs, and afraid of appearing, leſt ſhe ſhould be thought troubleſome.

" After breakfaſt my father propoſed a walk to me. My mother, the vicar, and ſeveral friends accompanied us. When we came to the ſolitary part of the park, the valley of the caſcade, how great was my ſurprize and enchantment! My

father had realized my dream. The mill, the little orchard inclosed with a hedge, and the flock of sheep, were just the same as I had seen in my dream. The most interesting part was wanting till I saw the miller, his wife, and two children come out of the new little mansion! Who can conceive the transports I felt! I embraced my father with the most unaffected tenderness.

"My father raised me with a smile." "It is the miller's wife," said he, "whom you ought to embrace." "I flew to her arms, and found the expression of her gratitude equal to that of my joy.

"We went into the house, where nothing that is necessary to rustic enjoyment was wanting. My father had provided every thing. Our good old vicar, with his silver locks, loaded him with benedictions; while our friends, as much affected as myself, could not forbear admiring the ingenuity of his benevolence.

"Do you know what you wonder at?" said he, as we were going away? "The most simple, and least expensive thing imaginable. This cascade, as my daughter dreamed very properly, lavished its water without reason or object. I have turned it to some use. The mill it works is convenient for the whole neighbourhood; it enriches these good people; I discharge a debt to them; it is an improvement to my park; presents a living picture to the eye, and augments my income. You may now extol, as much as you please, the nobleness of this action. Believe me, my friends, the greatest charm the country can boast, and what contributes the most to make me fond of it, is the facility of doing good at a small expence."

INTERESTING TRIALS.

KING's BENCH.

GUILDHALL, Dec. 13.

HEATHCOTE *and* RIGG, *versus* ROBINSON.

THE defendant's wife kept a retail shop of linens, entirely on her own account, and distinct from her husband. In June 1790, she ordered a parcel of Irish linens at the wholesale warehouse of the plaintiffs, to the amount of 103l. which the present action was brought to recover from the husband, he being liable to the debts contracted by his wife.

The

The defence made was, that the wife did not order the goods on her own account, but that they were given at her recommendation to one Lees, a young man who was going to America, and who brought them with him thither.

But one Harper, clerk and warehouseman to the plaintiffs, swore that he saw Mrs. Robinson contract for the goods on Lees' account. This witness went three several times after for payment, when the defendant said he knew of his wife having ordered the goods, and that he would be answerable for the payment.

Mr. Erskine endeavoured to counteract the testimony of this witness, by calling Mrs. Robinson's maid, who related a conversation between her mistress and Harper differently from the manner in which he related it. Mr. Erskine contended for a considerable time that the defendant was not liable to pay.

Lord Kenyon said, that if a wife contracts debts and her husband permits her, he is answerable; but if she, without his knowledge, passes her word for another, he is not answerable. In the present case, Harper related a conversation that passed between him and the defendant, which had not been contradicted, and that was a ratification of the debt.

The Jury found for the plaintiffs, 103l.

EXCHEQUER.

Before Lord Chief Baron Eyre, and a Special Jury.

JAMES CAMPBELL *versus* WARREN HASTINGS, ESQ.

THIS cause is interesting to the public, as it is in some degree connected with the trial of that gentleman; namely, an instance of a trading on his own or the Company's account. The case is briefly this:—In the year 1778, the Governor and Council chartered the ship Warren, Captain Barton, to sail from Bengal, in the nature of a cartel, to carry French prisoners to the island of Mauritius. The French Governor of Chandanagore agreed to the measure. The plaintiff was the Purser, and undertook the voyage, under a firm belief that the ship was to be employed upon that service only. When the voyage was nearly accomplished, he discovered that a considerable quantity of merchandize was taken on board, and that the Captain had received private orders, after landing the prisoners to proceed to Pigu, there to take in timber to be used upon the fortifications of Madras.

After the priſoners were diſcharged, the French Government in the iſland ſeized the ſhip and goods, which conſiſted of 160 long cloths, 250 Laſcar knives, 4200lb of ſugar, 250 turbans, 450 worſted caps, and divers other articles. After taking the goods out of the ſhip, they gave permiſſion for the ſhip to be repaired and victualled for her departure; but in a few days they returned again, and under ſome further pretence ſeized the ſhip and crew, ſtripped the plaintiff and others of their wearing apparel, and threw them into priſon, and condemned the ſhip as a lawful prize. The plaintiff was thus impriſoned for the ſpace of 15 months.

The Captain and Mr. Hall, the Chief Mate, proved the material parts of theſe facts, and a number of books from the India Houſe to prove the contract were produced by Mr. Hudſon. The declaration charged the defendant, Mr. Haſtings, with having tortiouſly entered into a private and ſecret contract with the Captain, with reſpect to the employment and deſtination of the ſhip Warren, by means of which he ſuffered the loſs, impriſonment, &c.

Mr. Law took an objection, that as the inſtrument of condemnation in the French Admiral Court of Mauritius was not produced, nor any evidence for what cauſe the ſeizure was made, viz. Whether it was a cartel ſhip for illicit trading under the ſecret agreement; or whether it was under the plea of hoſtile intention, it being ſuſpected that the ſhip was intended to join Commodore Richardſon, who was then cruiſing in thoſe ſeas; it was impoſſible to bring home the charge of tortiouſly intending by the ſaid agreement to injure and oppreſs the defendant.—Very long and ingenious arguments took place, at the cloſe of which,

The Lord Chief Baron, in a ſpeech of length, declared, that inaſmuch as there was not a tittle of evidence, either oral or documentary, to ſhew the real cauſe of ſeizure and condemnation, that the declaration was defective, and the action could not ſtir an inch further. Had it been poſſible, he would have found out a method to ſubmit the caſe to the Jury, but it could not be done. The plaintiff, therefore, after 12 years purſuit to obtain redreſs, was called into Court, and *nonſuited.*

It is but juſtice to the India Company to obſerve, that upon a petition being ſeveral years ſince preſented to the Company, Mr. Campbell was remunerated for his loſs of property, with the ſum of 400l. but the object of the preſent action was to obtain a recompence for 15 months impriſonment.

Anſwer,

Answer, by Thomas Gill junior, of Stythians, to J. Tucker's Anagram, inserted December 19.

THE scripture name is CAIN I know,
If chang'd aright 'twill INCA shew.

Answer, by Absalom, of Totnes, to Philologos's Enigma, inserted December 19.

UMBRELLAS will, as well you know,
Keep out the wet, or rain or snow.

‡ We have received the like answer from T. Gill jun. Stythians; T. Coumbe, St. Germans; T. Walker, of Hemyock; W. S. Exeter; J. Tucker, Penryn; S. Hill, near Dawlish; T. Furze, near Mevagissey; and R. S. of Bodmin.

A CHARADE, *by J. K. C. near Wells.*

THE votaries of Cupid old chronicles feign
Dispose of my first to the fair;
Ere they can the height of their wishes obtain,
Or Hymen make one of the pair.

Where ocean's rude surges incessantly foam,
My second doth often appear;
The tars who around the wide globe often roam
Behold it with terror and fear.

My whole you'll see sporting on Delia's fair breast,
With zephyrs that fan thro' the air;
And could I but move her to pity my case
Her love then should sooth all my care.

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§†§ *Several Pieces of Poetry lately received are much too inaccurate for Insertion.*

‖‡‖ *Our Correspondents are requested to observe that it is expected they should pay the Postage of their Letters, and that otherwise they will not see what they send inserted.*

‡‖‡ *Our Correspondents who send Questions, Enigmas, Charades, Rebusses, or Anagrams, are requested to send with them their genuine Solutions, as otherwise they cannot be inserted.*

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Friendſhip in low Life; exemplified in the Caſe of two Sailors who were caſt away, and detained a long Time Slaves in Algiers, and who made their Eſcape by ſwimming off to a Britiſh Ship: A Relation founded in fact.

Libertas; quæ ſera tamen reſpexit inertem.

VIRG. Ecl. I. V. 28.

VIRTUE and vice inherent are in all,
Are plaineſt ſeen where education's ſmall;
Of foreign aids diveſted ſtronger ſhew,
When in uneducated minds they glow.
Two honeſt ſailors, little known to fame,
This Anthony, and that we Roger name;
The one a Spaniard, one a Britiſh tar,
And both enſlav'd by the blind chance of war;
But tho' of diff'rent countries, you will find,
Were near ally'd in nobleneſs of mind;
Between them friendſhip daily ſeem'd to grow,
For ſtrongeſt friendſhip's built on mutual woe;
Together oft they mourn'd their hapleſs fates,
And this would weep whilſt that his tale relates;
Their cruel bondage was, or ſeem'd to be,
Alleviated by ſweet ſympathy.
Upon a rock, which overhung the deep,
Theſe wretched ſtrangers oft would work and weep;
And Roger, deeply ſighing, oft would ſay,
" You ſee, my friend, that vaſt and watry way;
" On a far diſtant ſhore my widow'd wife
" And orphan babes bewail my doubtful life;
" Oh! that with thee I could eſcape, and give
" New life to thoſe who almoſt ceaſe to live."

From

From Roger's lips ſuch words ne'er fail'd to flow,
Whene'er he view'd the vaſt expanſe below;
As o'er the ſea he caſt his wiſhful eyes
An Engliſh ſhip he joyfully eſpies.
"Oh! my dear friend," he cries, "once more be free,
"Let's taſte once more the ſweets of liberty.
"See, ſee! ſhe grows upon our raviſh'd ſight,
"My pulſe beats high with exquiſite delight.
"Haſte, let us plunge into the gloſſy deep,
"Regain our liberties, and ceaſe to weep;
"For ſhould we find, alas! a watry grave,
"'Twere better die than live a wretched ſlave."
"Go then, my friend, my better half begone,
"Nor moan to leave your Anthony alone;
"I know not how with dext'rous arm to cleave
"And float my body on the yielding wave;
"Before you'll reach the ſhip, your ſtrength you'll ſpend,
"Nor ſhall you owe your failure to your friend;
"For ſhould I drag you to the ſhades below,
"Your death, not mine, would fill my ſoul with woe.
"Make haſte, begone, nor ſhall I wretched be,
"If you eſcape, and once again are free.
"Come, one farewell embrace before we part,"
He cries, and preſs'd him to his aching heart.
Roger the moment ſeiz'd; "You ſhall be free,"
He ſaid, and plung'd together in the ſea;
With one he ſwims, whilſt t'other arm doth lend
Its aid, to float his much aſtoniſh'd friend;
With vig'rous ſtroke he ſwims, and more and more,
He gains upon the ſhip, and leaves the ſhore.
At length, with ſore fatigue almoſt o'ercome:
"Oh! leave me, Roger, leave me to my doom;
"In vain you ſtrive yourſelf and me to ſave;
"Nor do I fear to find a watry grave;
"If you, yourſelf, but reach the ſhip alive,
"In you my better half will ſtill ſurvive."
And now from land, behold! the barb'rous hoſt
Perceive the ſlaves eſcaping from their coaſt;
Quickly they launch the boat, and fierce purſue,
And at each ſtroke they near and nearer drew.
When Anthony: "Oh! ſee the ſavage band
"Approach," and ſinking quits his Roger's hand;
"Farewell," he cries, "I but retard your flight"—
And clos'd his eyes, he thought, in endleſs night.

Friendſhip now ſtronger glows in Roger's breaſt,
As virtue's brighteſt when 'tis moſt oppreſs'd;
Again he ſeizes on his ſinking friend,
And to the ſhip again their way they bend.
Now from on board the valiant Engliſh crew,
Perceive theſe fly, and find that thoſe purſue;
They point the gun, the ſhot, which hardly miſs'd,
Oblig'd the fierce purſuers to deſiſt;
Quick they deſiſt; for well the wretches know,
The Britiſh thunder ſpares no cruel foe.
Now ſee, to life and liberty reſtor'd,
The happy friends with joy receiv'd on board.
They now on bended knees devoutly gave
Their grateful thanks to Him whoſe power can ſave
The pooreſt wretch from ſlav'ry or the grave.
The friendly winds, with kind propitious gales,
Impel their ſhip, and fill their ſwelling ſails;
Reſolv'd, if once they reach the Britiſh ſhore,
To truſt the ſeas, and tempt their fates no more.

Topſham. N.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The SHIELD *of* SORROW.

WHEN Heav'n diſſolves the ſacred tie,
Which binds two faithful ſouls in one,
Where ſhall the ſad ſurvivor fly,
The arrows of deſpair to ſhun?

Oh! can the muſing hours of grief
A pauſe from keen remembrance know;
Or rooted ſorrow find relief
From empty forms of outward woe?

Can fortune's ſmiles his peace reſtore?
Or can the ſprightly ſong and dance,
Where pleaſure's feſtive train, in all
The mazy rounds of joy advance?

Ah no—this world no cure beſtows
In vain is every human art:
From *pure religion* only flows
A balm to heal the wounded heart.